Hell Hath No Fury

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Hell Hath No Fury

by yesmilady (AMHC)

Summary

Rosita is no widow. Negan doesn’t mind.

Notes

The flashback episode! That literally nobody is waiting for! Sorry!

Takes place during the events of New Dawn, during the Saviors' reign of terror but before Dwight’s death in chapter 32. As always, no warnings, I never go beyond canon(s), but please remember that canon is fucked up.

Previously:
Kids go missing. Negan murders Glenn and Abraham. A broken Rick has no cause to unite the settlements against the Saviors. Believing Rick is cowed, Negan quickly loses interest in Alexandria. The butterfly flaps its wings – Spencer keeps his guts, and Rosita holds onto a single bullet. Weeks go by, tensions build. Something has to give.

See the end of the work for more notes

When Rosita drifts off to sleep, it’s with a bullet clutched in her fist and the memory of skull fragments landing in her lap. She can’t remember if they belonged to Glenn or Abraham.

She sleeps, but not well.

The Saviors return to Alexandria. Week by week, like clockwork, they come – vultures masquerading as people. They know they are the villains of this story, and they relish in it. They play their part well.

The humiliation becomes routine, it becomes the new normal. That’s what happens when you shovel shit day after day – you get used to the stink.

But Rosita doesn’t want to get used to it. She fantasizes about wiping the smirk off Dwight’s face, imagines painting a pretty hole in Arat’s forehead. Most of all, she thinks about Negan.

And so, she waits.

Rosita drifts toward the church again.

For once, Gabriel is silent as he joins her in the pew, flicking through his Bible in an idle, almost absent-minded manner, his fingers tracing the edges of the worn pages. Rosita is silent too, her gaze fixed on the stained glass window. The vibrant colors, usually so radiant, are muted under the cloudy sky.

Rosita doesn’t know why she comes here. It's not for Gabriel, and it's certainly not for faith. Not to say that she doesn't *believe* – she just can’t shake the feeling that God no longer believes in them.

There are no answers here. The bullet sits heavy in her palm.

“I’m glad you’re still here,” Gabriel tells her earnestly.

She exhales. It’s almost a laugh. “I’m not.”

Days go by, but Negan never does. Only the vultures appear.

Sometimes it’s Arat, sharp as a butcher's cleaver and just as cruel. Sometimes it’s Simon, and those days are the worst of all. But more often than not, it’s the snake, Dwight. He rolls into Alexandria on Daryl’s motorcycle, wearing Daryl’s clothes, taunting them with Daryl’s crossbow.

“You know, you really should smile more,” he tells her. He tilts his head, examining her face with a mockingly critical eye. “You’d be a lot prettier if you smiled.”

Dwight likes to get under Rosita’s skin. He tries, anyway. Her armor doesn’t crack – Rosita only has one bullet, and it’s made-to-order.

Tara corners her outside the church. They've barely said a word to one another since Tara returned from her disastrous scavenging run – back to a dead girlfriend and a home subjugated by her murderers. Now, she stands before Rosita, deep shadows etched beneath her eyes.

"Eugene told me about the bullet, Rosita," Tara says, her tone heavy with accusation.

Rosita sighs. That traitor. "What's it to you?"

"My friend is trying to kill herself." Tara's hands shoot up in frustration. "Sue me for being a little concerned!"

"I thought you of all people would understand," Rosita bites out, bitterness lacing her words as she turns away, shaking her head.

Tara quickly steps in front of her, blocking her path. "Killing Negan won't bring Abraham back," she says, her dark eyes wide and sincere. "Dude, talk to me."

Anger blooms in her chest. "You think this is about Abraham?" She laughs. It's a vicious, ugly thing. She clings to the outrage, letting it sweep away the grief that's burrowed deep beneath her skin. "Killing Negan is about *killing Negan*."

It's not like anyone else was stepping up to the task.

Not Rick, who's been a shell ever since his children went up and vanished into thin air. Not Michonne, or Aaron, or Tara, or anyone else in this godforsaken town.

Abraham would have. He would have fought. He never would have stopped.

That's why Negan chose him.

"It might as well be me," Rosita says, the words tasting bitter on her tongue.

If she dies, so be it. As long as she can take Negan down with her, she'll gladly turn herself into a martyr.

Tara swallows hard. "What if there was another way?"

Rosita frowns.

Tara glances around, her voice dropping to a whisper. "They call her the Widow," she begins.

Tara leaves the next morning, chasing rumors. They know the Widow has to be Maggie – who else? It's a story, and stories need heroes.

Rosita doesn't follow. She lives in the real world. Besides, she's made up her mind a long time ago.

“Where’s your boss?” Rosita asks one day, dragging the gate open to let the serpents in.

Dwight’s lecherous smirk doesn’t sit well on his face. “Rosita, Rosita, Rosita,” he taunts, rolling her name on his slippery tongue. “What, this face ain’t pretty enough for you?”

He leans into her space, as if trying to rack up points on the villain scoreboard. Rosita doesn’t flinch or back down. This close, she can see the few stubborn hairs growing in between the scar tissue where his eyebrow used to be.

“Where’d you get that scar, anyway?” Rosita asks, aiming low. It must have hurt. She hopes it still does.

Dwight freezes. For a moment, Rosita thinks she catches a glimpse of the man beneath the monster. But then, he smirks.

“You wanna know how I got these scars?” he asks in a pointed, nasally voice. He grins and the other sycophants break into uproarious laughter. It's not that funny. Still, they laugh.

Rosita finds him again later, just before he leaves. The other Saviors are busy loading whatever today's definition of “half” is into their trucks. For once, they have no audience.

“Take me with you,” Rosita says quietly, swallowing down her revulsion. She doesn’t manage a smile, not quite, but she thinks she sounds convincing when she adds, “I want to join you.”

Dwight stares at her. “Bullshit.”

“I’m sick of this place.” That part, at least, is the truth. Rosita is tired of waiting, tired of waking every morning with a bullet-shaped dent in her palm. If Negan can’t be bothered to show his face around Alexandria again, well, what’s that old saying about mountains?

“We’ll see,” Dwight says and flicks at her cap, the smirk returning to his lips. “But you better find me something good next time, yeah?”

A man shows up in Rosita’s bedroom a few days later, as quiet as a ghost. He stands there, the moonlight catching the sharp angles of his face, making him look almost ethereal.

He’s pretty. Dangerous, too.

His name is Paul, but his friends call him Jesus. Rosita barely knows him – certainly not well enough to call him a friend.

So when he invites her to join the Widow’s secret rebellion, Rosita laughs right in his pretty face.

“Take me with you, pendejo,” Rosita spits the next time she sees Dwight.

He’s leaning back against Daryl's bike, a toothpick dangling from his lips. Earlier, when he wasn’t around, Rosita had stashed her pistol under the seat.

There's no one else within hearing distance, so Dwight spits out the toothpick and speaks to her like a normal human being. “You don’t know what you’re asking.”

Rosita crosses her arms and doubles down: “I want in.”

He rolls his eyes. “Please. You think Negan won’t see you coming from a mile off? You’re a shitty actress.”

She starts to protest, but something shifts in his expression. His gaze sweeps over her figure, the way men always do when they think she won’t notice – or when they’re sure she will. But Dwight’s eyes are cold and calculating, not lustful, and for the first time since puberty, Rosita feels the urge to cover up.

“Well?” she demands, her lip curling into a snarl.

“Slap me,” he says, his voice low. The other Saviors are out of earshot, but they’re still in plain view, gathering their unearned supplies.

Rosita knows better than to fall for it. “What?” she asks flatly.

He rolls his eyes. “You want to get out of here, don’t you?” He steps closer. “Give me a reason to take you in. Come on, you know I deserve it.”

Rosita’s hand twitches. He deserves that and more, but before she can make up her mind, they’re interrupted.

“Do you need anything, Dwight?” Spencer asks, hovering by Rosita’s side, uninvited.

The mask slides firmly back onto Dwight’s scarred face. “Word of advice, my friend? Mano a mano,” he says to Spencer, a smarmy grin settling across his features. “You better watch your back around this one – she’ll eat you alive.”

The Saviors depart a short time later, loaded up with the settlement’s hard-earned supplies. Rosita watches desperately as Dwight drives away, her gun and precious bullet leaving with him. The loss is so intense, it feels like a physical pain, frustration and helplessness gnawing at her insides.

As the gates close, Rosita unleashes on Spencer. “What the fuck is wrong with you?” she demands, seething with anger.

Spencer rubs the back of his neck. “I thought you needed help.”

Her hands ball into fists, and it’s only by sheer will that they don’t land on his face. “If I needed help, I’d ask someone with a spine.”

She stomps off, muttering curses under her breath.

Rosita walks into the church later, empty-handed. Gabriel smiles faintly at the sight, relief flickering in his eyes.

Eugene is hard to pin down these days. Sometimes, he vanishes for days on end, only to reappear with a rambling story and oil-stained hands.

“So, uh, I was, you know, deep in the weeds with this, uh, oil purification project–real delicate stuff, takes a steady hand and, uh, a lot of time.” He flexes his stained fingers before clearing his throat, and settles into a typical Eugene rhythm. “I was tryin’ to cobble together a rudimentary distillation rig from bits and pieces that honestly had no business being put together. Simply put, the intricacies in separating the olefins from the paraffins at just the right temperature –”

Eugene is a liar and a fraud. Rosita knows this, so she doesn’t even pretend to listen. “I need a new bullet,” she cuts him off. She needs a new gun, too, but she’ll cross that bridge when the time comes.

He stares at her.

“Please Eugene,” she whispers, her voice frayed with desperation.

Eugene avoids her eyes when he tells her *no*, his words tumbling out in a rushed, convoluted stream that she can’t fully register. “You might not see it now,” he adds, “but trust me, Rosita, this course of action is the most prudent for all parties involved.”

When the Saviors come next, Rosita won’t be there to greet them. Turns out, the Sanctuary isn’t all that hard to find when you have the right motivation.

“Goddamn it,” Dwight grumbles when he drags her into a dark, damp cell.

When his footsteps finally fade down the hall, Rosita tests the door. Locked, of course. She wonders if Daryl is nearby – if this is where the Saviors keep all their prisoners. She opens her mouth to whisper his name when a cheerful song blares, so loud it’s almost painful, like a physical force pressing against her eardrums.

Rosita slides down to sit with her back against the wall. There’s no going back now, she thinks, and the thought brings a smile to her lips.

The awful tune cuts off abruptly just before Dwight reappears, hours later. Rosita scowls at him, blinking bleary eyes against the sudden intrusion of light.

“You smoke?” he asks wearily.

It’s the middle of the night, she realizes as he leads her outside. There are a few people still out and about, but they’re keeping their distance. For the most part, Rosita and Dwight are alone, standing on a platform overlooking the yard.

Rosita didn't get a good look at the place before, not with a burlap sack thrown over her head. The Sanctuary is an ugly place – cold, bleak, and reeking of death. What startles her most are the walkers the Saviors are keeping in a penned-up area, strapped to the rusted metal fencing with chains and barbed wire.

"They keep the herds away," Dwight explains.

He pulls a case out of his pocket and tucks a rolled-up cigarette behind his ear. The second one he lights, taking a long drag before exhaling with something close to a sigh. Then, he passes it over to her. Rosita accepts it, taking a quick puff and immediately exhales, letting none of it settle in her lungs.

Dwight sees the thick plume of smoke and rolls his eyes, but says nothing as he lights another cigarette for himself.

"Your music is shit," Rosita says, flicking ash to the ground.

She doesn't ask about Daryl, and Dwight doesn't mention the loaded pistol he's undoubtedly found by now, stashed under the bike's seat, with a bullet so deeply grooved it never would've passed a factory inspection.

Instead she asks, "Where's Negan?" and tries to sound only mildly interested. She can't afford to lose sight of why she's here. The pistol may be out of her reach, but there are plenty of ways to kill a man. She'll find the means – all she needs is an opportunity.

Dwight holds the cigarette to his mouth but doesn't draw on it. His gaze is fixed on one of the caged walkers, a once-beautiful woman, now a twisted shadow of her former self. A long column of ash dangles precariously from the tip of his cigarette.

"Do you know what makes them so dangerous?" he asks, his voice low, tinged with something she can't quite decipher.

"Their teeth?" Rosita replies sardonically.

He pretends not to have heard her. "People think it's because they have the numbers, but it's not that." His gaze remains fixed on the undead woman, his expression unreadable. "It's because sooner or later, every one of us will turn into one of them."

The low hisses of the walkers continue to fill the night air. Dwight takes a long drag from his cigarette, the embers glowing brightly in the dark. He exhales slowly, adding, "Can you imagine if it went the other way around?"

Rosita arches an eyebrow. "Mmm, imagine bringing everyone you've ever murdered back from the dead?"

Dwight crushes the cigarette under his boot and turns to Rosita. "And now you want to be one of us."

Lying to him hasn't worked out for her before, so she leans into the truth. "Want?" She lets out a half-hearted chuckle, tossing her barely-touched cigarette at his feet. "This is about

survival," she says, leaving out the part where she doesn't mean her own.

Only, Dwight scoffs and shakes his head. When he speaks, his voice is so low she has to strain her ears to catch his words. "Why didn't you go with Jesus?"

Her heart skips a beat. "Wow, I didn't peg you for the evangelical type, Dwight," she deflects, feigning ignorance.

"Don't play games, we haven't got time," Dwight growls in frustration, his voice a low rumble. He steps closer. "You can't kill an idea, Rosita. We're all Negan here."

"I'm not here to kill anyone," she lies, badly.

He pulls out another cigarette, holding it out for her. When she takes it, he gestures for her to let him light it. He leans in, cupping his hands around the flame.

He murmurs, "You can't kill an idea, but you can sell a better one." He's so close she can smell the tobacco on his breath. "Maggie sent Jesus to stop you from going after Negan alone."

Rosita inhales sharply, the smoke burning her throat. "You…?"

Dwight sighs and steps back, rubbing at his forehead wearily. "I told her you wouldn't listen," he says, keeping his voice low. "But now that you're here, you could be useful."

He doesn't seem too concerned about being overheard, but he's clearly worried about being seen – the way his eyes dart around, glancing here and there. It's the middle of the night, but the Saviors are many, and they're close.

Rosita stares at him in suspicion, feeling like she's being played. Maggie working with this demon? It's unthinkable.

"Why?" she demands to know.

Dwight's gaze shifts back to the caged walkers. "They killed my wife."

And Rosita – she's never wanted him dead more than she does right now. The cigarette between her fingers snaps in half.

"They killed your wife?" Her voice rises, dangerously so. "You fucking hypocrite."

The words are barely out of her mouth before Dwight moves, landing a stinging slap to her cheek. The altercation draws a few glances from those nearby, but none linger long enough to show any real interest.

Her eyes tear from the stinging pain but she manages not to lunge back at him. Barely.

"Hijo de puta," she hisses, quietly this time. Her glare is sharp enough to cut glass.

“Don’t forget where you are,” Dwight growls. “And don’t try anything stupid tomorrow, or it’s my ass on the line.”

“What happens tomorrow?”

“Negan wants to see you. He’s got an opening.”

Her eyes narrow. “An opening?”

Dwight’s throat bobs as he pauses, choosing his words carefully. When he finally speaks, his voice is a low murmur. “He likes to talk. Might even talk to you, if he likes you. We could do a lot with that – having someone around who can get inside his head. If you’re willing.”

A sense of unease creeps along her spine. She forces herself to remain still, her voice low and controlled. “Why me, Dwight? Doesn’t he talk to you?”

Dwight looks at her evenly and sighs. “In bed, Rosita. He likes to talk in bed. He’s into widows, you know?”

When Rosita hits Dwight, it’s with a closed fist. They drag her away before she can tell him –

She’s not a goddamn widow.

In the morning, it’s Laura – the tattooed blonde with the permanent grimace – who flings open Rosita’s cell door. Her hair is down, and she’s dressed like she’s home, but her grimace remains ever present.

Laura tosses her a bottle of water. “Get up.”

The Sanctuary is a maze of concrete and steel – and more people than she has ever imagined, soldiers and noncombatants alike. Rosita scans her surroundings as she’s led through, searching for anything she could whisk away to use as a weapon, but Laura never gives her a chance.

When they reach their destination, Laura gives Rosita a once-over, rolls her eyes, and says, “It’s your choice, okay? He’s not that much of an asshole.” She opens the doors and gestures for Rosita to head inside. “Good luck.”

Rosita steps past the threshold with her head held high and adrenaline crackling through her veins. She finds herself in a lounge. It’s a large, dimly lit space with heavy curtains draped over the windows, allowing only slivers of light to seep through. The furniture is surprisingly elegant. But the thick scent of perfume cannot mask the underlying scent of rot that permeates the Sanctuary.

The women lounging around the room give Rosita curious looks. They’re dressed in short, stylish dresses, their hair and makeup immaculate. Trophies, she thinks in disgust.

Negan grins when he sees her. He's sprawled casually in a leather armchair, a pretty redhead topping off his glass.

“Ladies,” he calls out smoothly, “give us the room.”

They’re alone. It’s everything she’s been waiting for.

Negan invites her to take a seat.

Perching on the edge of a lavish chaise, Rosita subtly scans the room, assessing the objects within her reach. She considers using the solid brass lamp as a makeshift bludgeon, but she dismisses the idea almost immediately – too heavy, too obvious. Her eyes then flicker to the potted plant on the coffee table between them, but she quickly discards that option as well – too light to cause any real damage. The same goes for the nail file she spies among the scattered items the women left behind. It’s small enough to conceal along her wrist, but too dull to do any real damage.

Her attention prickles when she spots a kitchen knife resting on the bar, but it’s well out of reach. She’ll need speed and the element of surprise if she wants to catch Negan off guard. The whiskey bottle, she thinks, if she can use that to disorient him, then maybe –

And then there’s *Lucille*.

The baseball bat rests on the coffee table between them, its thick barbed wire gleaming, cleaned and polished with meticulous care. The damn thing must be haunted, Rosita thinks, because she *swears* she can hear blood *drip-drip-dripping* from the metal onto the smooth, polished surface of the table beneath.

The sharp clink of glass against wood makes her jump. She watches, tense, as Negan pours her a generous measure of whiskey. “Lucille’s a beauty, isn’t she?” he says, a smirk playing at the corners of his lips. “I’m lucky she’s not the jealous type.”

Her jaw clenches. She hates this man, hates him with an intensity of a thousand lifetimes. But she forces herself to keep quiet and wait for the right opportunity.

“You know,” Negan says as he leans back in his armchair, gesturing with his drink, “I bet my wives are out there right now, ears pressed up against the door, just dying to hear what ol' Negan’s up to. I bet you’re wondering that too.”

“Is that why you brought me here?” she asks, revulsion coiling in her guts, her voice tight and controlled, “To be one of your wives?”

To hell with Dwight, she thinks. To hell with the Widow and her goddamn cause. *Maggie* would never ask this from her.

Negan begins to snicker. “Fuck no!” he exclaims. His voice holds a breathless edge to it, like he genuinely finds the whole thing hilarious. “Is that what Dwight’s been telling you? No wonder you knocked him on his dumb ass.”

Rosita's mouth thins. Her gaze flicks to the baseball bat.

He continues, “Don’t get me wrong – I am *SUPER* into you. I mean, shit, who wouldn't be? You are *smoking hot*. And not just that. Look at you – strong, fierce, drop-dead gorgeous, and you swagger in, show up on my doorstep, dragging your titanium-core lady-balls through my gate? What? Are you kidding me?”

His grin is wide and unapologetic, reveling in his own audacity. “You see, I’m what the kids might call a *Boomer*” – he gives a little helpless shrug – “so excuse me for being a culturally insensitive prick when I say you’ve got that whole *Spicy Latina* thing working for you. It’s the goddamn honest truth. You *own* that shit.”

He pauses for a breath. “Still, gotta pass. Thing is, I *like* my dick. I’m highly attached to my dick. I am deeply, emotionally, some-might-even-say *homoerotically* invested in my own penis. And you - you clearly can’t stand the sight of me." He shrugs. "I gotta look out for the Big Guy. So, even though you really are *stupidly hot*, we'll have to put a raincheck on this whole hatesex thing until you're less inclined to stabbing me in the balls." He finishes his tirade with a sip of his whiskey.

She doesn’t respond right away, letting the silence hang heavy between them. “Don’t hold your breath,” she says, unable to keep the sting from her voice.

He chuckles good-naturally. “Let’s hear it from you, then. What made you come all this way?”

“I want to be a Savior,” Rosita says boldly.

He rolls his eyes. “Nope.”

“You need people who can get shit done, I can do that for you.” The lie sounds convincing to her ears.

Negan doesn’t think so. He slams his glass onto the table and leans forward, no longer grinning. “One more time,” he challenges.

Rosita’s nostrils flare. “There’s nothing left for me back there.” Her voice cracks, unsteady. It’s the truth.

Negan leans back with a satisfied hum. “Getting somewhere.” He studies her for a long moment. “You served? You look like a woman who could fill out a military uniform.”

Rosita gives a small nod.

Negan smirks. “Yeah, I can tell. You got that look about you. That big ginger fella? He had that look too.” He leans in, lowering his voice as if sharing a secret. “Can I be honest with you? That whole eeny-meeny bullshit? Yeah, I rigged that. It was always gonna be Red. Know why? Because he was down for it. And I respected that. A soldier – a *real* soldier – knows when it’s time to take one for the team. Somebody’s got to jump on that grenade. You don’t do it for Uncle Sam, you do it for your *brothers* out in the shit with you. *That’s* valor.”

He sits back, relaxed. “Of course, you’ve got Daryl to thank for the Asian kid.” Holding up his glass, he toasts: “For Carrot Top!”

Rosita surges forward, hissing, “His name was *Abraham*.”

“Ah shit,” he sighs. “So you two were…?”

Rosita scowls. To her horror, her eyes begin to sting.

“No?” He leans in, studying her face closely. “You were something, though, am I right?” He finds something in her expression, for he then exhales in surprise. “No, come on. Don’t tell me he dumped you? *You?* Are you shitting me?”

He looks utterly scandalized. “I take it all back – what a fucking moron. I swear, he must’ve been the dumbest man on earth. You know what, I’m *glad* I knocked his dome in. Honey, you deserve better.”

Rosita takes her chance. She grabs for Lucille.

Her hand barely grazes the handle when Negan slams his fist into her wrist. He’s fast – so fast that he doesn’t even spill his drink. Rosita gasps in pain, recoiling.

“There she is,” he chuckles, pleased. “Gotta admit my head’s still reeling, though. You did it. You blew my mind.” Lifting a hand to his temple, he flings his fingers in a sharp motion, mouthing a silent *boom*. He looks at her then with a mixture of curiosity and disbelief. “You’d *seriously* throw your life away for some ginger pubes asshole who didn’t want you?”

“Go fuck yourself,” she hisses, clutching her wrist to her chest.

Negan rises from his seat. Circling around her, he leans on the arm rest and whispers in Rosita’s ear. “What if I make you a better offer?”

His breath smells like whiskey and toothpaste. It makes her skin crawl.

The sting of her failure ebbs in her chest and threatens to spill from her eyes. “What?” she says hoarsely.

He reaches past her shoulder and grabs Lucille. Rosita tracks his movement by sound alone as he begins to swing the awful thing around. She stares at the drape-covered windows, refusing to turn her head. She knows what men like him want. He likes to be watched, likes an audience. She won’t give him that satisfaction.

“I don’t normally let this sort of shit fly,” he grunts, flinging his baseball bat through the air. “But you’ve got a *real* go-getter attitude about you. I like that. So I’m gonna make you a one-time offer: stick around.” He continues to swing the bat. “Try us on for size. No tricks, no strings attached. What’d you say, slick?”

Rosita laughs, sharp and bitter. She can’t help herself. “You’re a monster.”

Negan stops mid-swing. “Monster?” He moves closer, bringing Lucille under her chin and slowly lifting, forcing her head up.

“Sweetheart, you have no idea what a monster is,” he murmurs, the barbed wire biting into her skin just enough to sting. His voice takes on a strict, dangerous undertone.

Rosita inhales sharply. She stares straight ahead, refusing to give him the satisfaction of seeing her cower. “Do your worst, asshole,” she says through gritted teeth.

“And waste all this potential?”

She closes her eyes. “What do you *want*?”

He lowers the bat, his gaze never leaving her face. “I want you to get to know me.” He chuckles knowingly. “You may think I'm a monster, but there are things that would make your worst nightmares look like bedtime stories. You think those dead pricks out there are something to worry about? No, you don't know shit from shit. Stick with me, maybe you get a chance to learn."

“And if I say no?”

“Why the fuck would you say no?” Negan retorts, incredulous.

Her mouth wobbles. She knows what Negan is – a psychopath, a manipulator – but he’s also a man. And men can be outwitted.

Rosita says yes. It’s not a surrender; it’s strategy.

End Notes

I experimented with a different writing style for this one. I'll never do that again. Probably.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!